"WHERE THERE'S FIRE THERE'S A FILLY!"

FEVER

50¢

No. 1

Thrills, Adventure, Humor!

FOR MEN!

EXOTIC PHOTOS

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FIGURE STUDIES!

PEEP PICTURES!

Exotic MARILYN WALTZ
GEORGINE "Miss Torso" DARCY

Scanti-Wear Chic Parisian

SKY HI HEELS



CK-12 NO MYSTERY
Everyone has a favorite . . . this is sure to be here! Nylon Lace slit side panties in all Black, or Flamingo Red with Black Lace. Waist sizes 22 to 30. $3.98



CK-1 HALTER BRA .. scoops down and down. Finest 100% nylon lace. Black or red with black lace. Sizes 32 to 38 $3.98

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CK-13 — GLAMOR-GLOVES — (Shoulder length) An exquisite mesh accessory. One length fits all sizes. Boudoir Black only $2.98 a pair



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Authentic French style half bra for that high pointed tantalizing tilt. Sizes 32 to 38. In shimmering black satin only $4.98

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Black satin garter belt made with six garters especially FOR OPERA LENGTH HOSE. Waist sizes 22 to 30. Black only $4.98

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A french favorite. Nylon covered elastic mesh in black. Sizes short, average, long, extra long. $6.98 a pair.

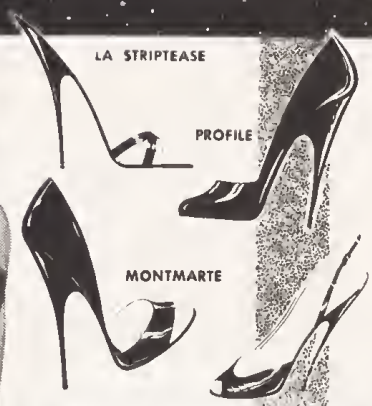
CK-10 PETITE PANTIES
Parisian panties of clinging, long wearing Helanca nylon miracle stretch yarn. Black only. In waist sizes 22 to 30 $2.98



CK-5 MOULIN
nylon lace half bra with gleaming satin trim. Black only. Sizes 32 to 38 $5.98

CK-6 CHERIE
French cut nylon lace panties with rhinestones and mother-of-pearl opalique. Black or red with black lace. Sizes 22 to 30 $3.98

CK-9 BLACK DIAMOND OPERA-LENGTH NYLON HOSE
Full-fashioned, 54 gauge, 15-denier. Hi-twist finish. In slimming black only. Sizes 8½ to 11. $5.98



PARISIAN SUPER SKY SCRAPERS — Finest quality gleaming black patent leather — Specify — Medium — High — or Super High Heels. Sizes 4 through 12. AA to E width. $4.95 postpaid



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No. 1

FEVER

A ZEE ZEE PUBLICATION

WILLIAM C. THOMAS
GEORGE BOARDMAN } Staff Photographers

NATHAN KATZ and Associates, Advertising
480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y.




GEORGINE "Miss Torso" DARCY

A WORD FROM OUR EDITOR... EVELYN WEST

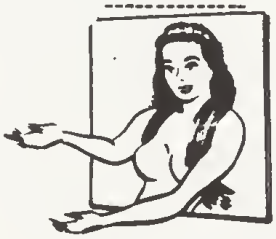


To me, the most amusing people in the world are the bloody British. When fortune smiles upon me with money I love to spend it in Dear Old England where practically everything strikes me funny. My biggest laugh is to get up early in the morning and watch the lads, lassies and their elders madly cycling to work in Southampton and the antics performed in the various pubs always put me in stitches at anytime of day or night. The English are great ones to copy and in this if in no other way they are like the Japanese.

We get Elvis the Pelvis and soon they have a British counterpart. The most successful of the Pelvis bumping copyists is one Tommy Steele and I'm sure that you will get more than just a giggle out of the following dispatch clipped from an English daily.

"The City Council has stepped in to protect rock 'n' roll star Tommy Steele when he sings at Sheffield city hall next month.

By order of the council, 400 five shilling ($1.25) platform seats will not be sold. "We want to guard against what happened in Dundee, when Mr. Steele was knocked unconscious," said an official.



If I was ever to conform and thus become a censor and a busybody, I would certainly take out after commercial television. The Devil Himself must be behind the nefarious acts of the ad agencies who dare to use our national sport as a means to sell the most insidious alcoholic concoction of them all--beer! More homes have been wrecked, more cars smashed, more jobs lost, more noses and eyes reddened and more pot-bellies instigated by beer than any other form of drink. Our youth is constantly coaxed to smoke about twenty different possibly cancer causing brands of cigarettes, guzzle wine and drink a variety of "pep" tonics besides gulping the foamy--"buy it by the case in either the bottle or can."

Apropos of the above, with the many different deodorants and soaps plugged on television, and pounded home to the point where the entire population smells like Liberace's panties, it is interesting just to wonder about the odours of our ancestors and I do not mean the apes--I know what a monkey smells like.

A committee formed to investigate and legislate so called "pornographic" magazines and other publications was hard put to establish any basis for action in San Francisco recently. As an example of the difficulty in defining obscenity, Deputy District Attorney Albert E. Hederman Jr. of Alameda county cited a Los Angeles ordinance which seeks to spell out just what an obscene picture is.

"When we examined the law," he said, "we really blinked. On our desk was a copy of Life magazine, and its cover was a clear violation of the ordinance. Now who's going to enforce a law like that?"

The answer is, Mr. Hederman, "nobody"—for the very good and sufficient reason that Life is published by a Mr. Henry Luce who has millions in money and billions in Washington influence.

Assemblyman Francis declared that the committee had "no desire or intention to play the role of censor" but expressed concern for the welfare of children who have learned to read. Inspector Arnaud of the S.F. police put it:

"We are all particularly sensitive, and we know the public is, to any encroachment on the rights of expression."

Evangelist Billy Graham, who was called said that "something must be done without interfering with the freedom of the press." Billy first declared at his Cow Palace revival that he had never read anything pornographic in his life.

It remained for Rabbi Stern to really spike the reform guns. Said he:

"I would rather err on the side of liberty and freedom and take the chance of people coming under bad influences, than to approve a law that would be subject to equivocation and that would set up standards of what people ought to read. Throughout history censorship has always been destructive of free expression and thought."

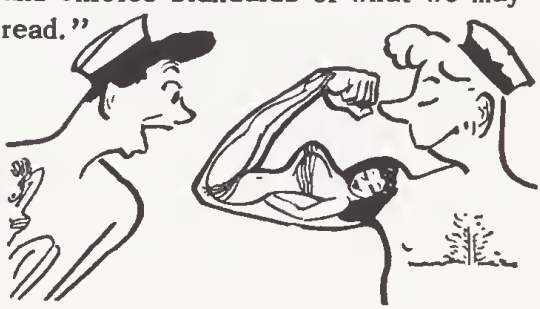
The Rabbi, a veteran of 36 years in the clergy, warned the legislators to go slow in rewriting statutes.

"The greatest classics of all time would be considered by some purists to be obscene and corrupting," he said "There are even some stories in the Bible which, judged by some people and dealing as they do with incest and rape, could be considered immoral out of context."

To cite just one modern work, Rabbi Stern recalled that James Gould Cozzens' best-selling novel, "By Love Possessed," contains a most vivid description of an illicit relationship." But he insisted that "the purpose of the author was not pornographic; it was to reveal life to us as he saw it. This is what the classics have always done—revealed life profoundly, in all its aspects."

Assemblyman Robert Crown asked Rabbi Stern if he would agree that "the dangers of censorship may often overbalance the values sought."

"Yes, indeed," was the reply. "History has shown us those dangers, and today I am terribly afraid of laws that would permit people to snoop around bookstores or magazine racks and enforce standards of what we may read."

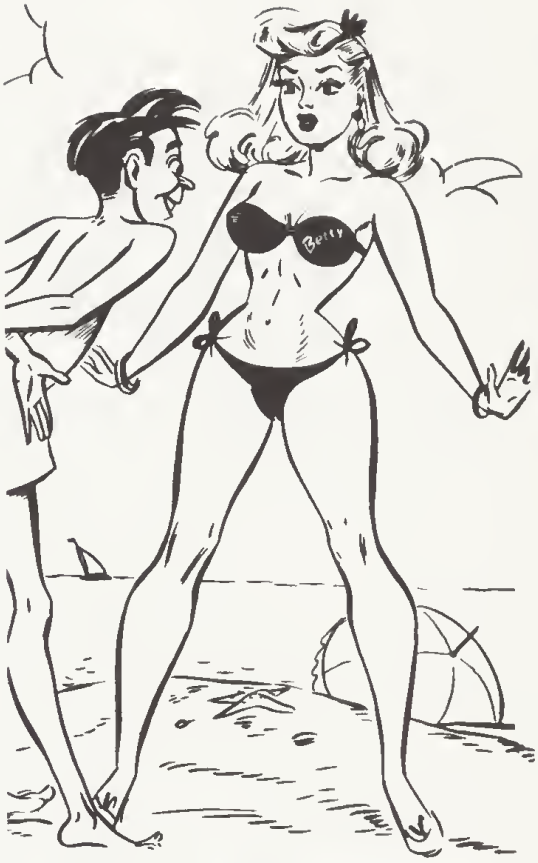


Elmer J. Muskopf, president of the Northern California Book Sellers Association said the meaning of the word obscenity has been changing through the years—that Shakespeare, Drieser, Shaw and William Faulkner have all been considered obscene at one time or place or another.

It seems to me that all this to-do is a lot of hullabaloo over nonexistent problems. Protecting teens from books and magazines is ridiculous. To get them to read ANYTHING is the real problem and better they should know how to read than to slink around the streets as Billy Graham says, "terrorizing their parents," even if what they read is not up to the standards of purists. Publisher B. Cerf states that nobody was ever hurt by a book and it is only in subjugated countries that book burnings and bannings take place.

Pornography is not nudity even if Billy Graham does think that the female bosom should be completely covered. It's like the book-seller said: "I do not like obscenity. I do not even like some of the books I sell. But many people do, and who am I to say that other people should not be permitted to choose what they want to read?"

As for myself and this magazine: I and we have never published anything that would offend the most fastidious sane-thinking person."

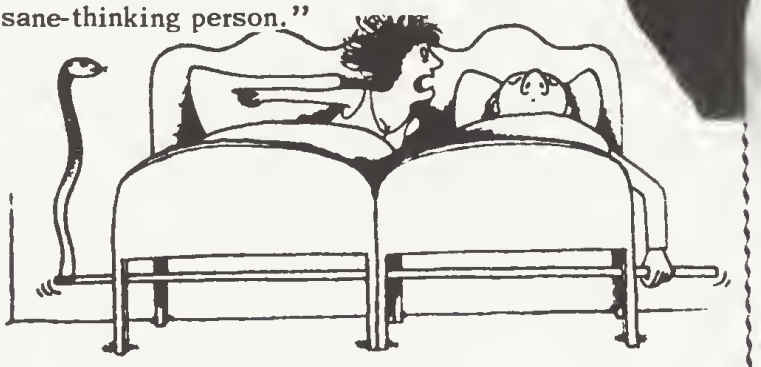


"What is the others name?"

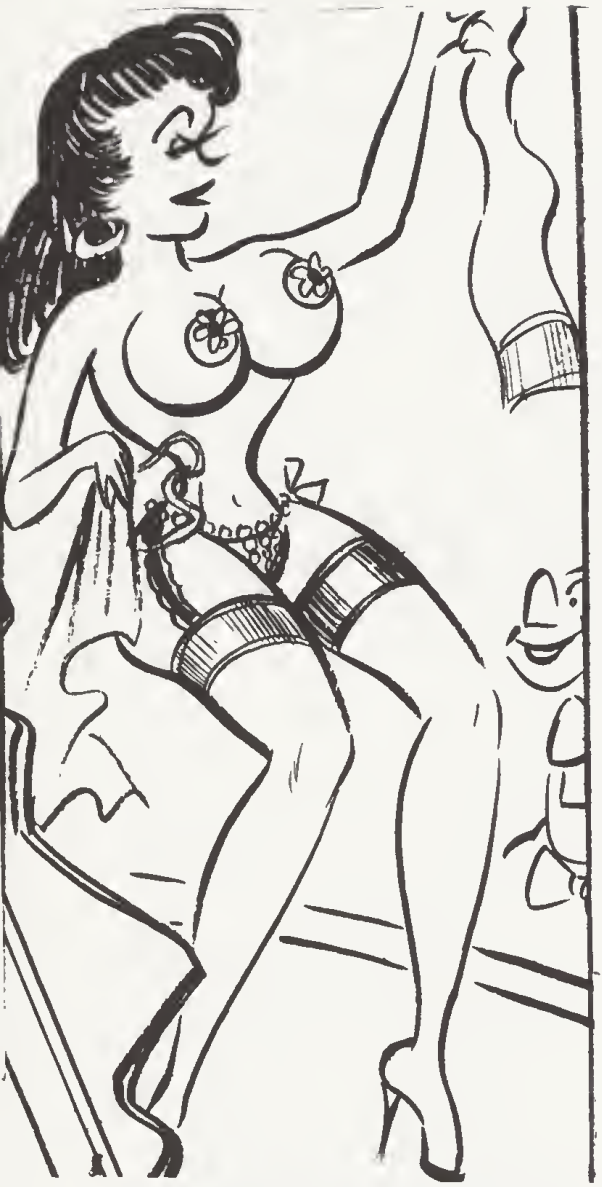


EVELYN WEST

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" Wake up, John, it's there again ! "



Now, along with all forms of sex, sputniks and tennis panties—the greeting card industry is under heavy fire from the reform element. Mrs. Betha Krait of Coundil Bluffs, Iowa, declares: "It's a shame and a pity that they allow such things. Are we to rival France for obscenity? First thing you know, they'll be sidling up to you in Paris offering to sell "American" post-cards!"

"Ribald humour is an American trait," Dave Lutzer of Dallas, Texas, says in rebuttal. "Lusty, earthy wit is a belly-laugh. People like Mrs. Krait are a great source of comedy in themselves."

In this era of finger-pointing with the Commies getting the beef for just about everything that goes awry, is it possible that the attacks on our personal liberties are Soviet inspired? According to John (Inside Everything) Gunther, who ought to know, practically no expression of free thought exists in the USSR.

"Under socialist realism," Gunther states, "the Soviet authorities could not countenance anything outrageous or bizarre or even unconventional, anything that opened up new vistas, made people think, jolted them out of complacency toward accepted norms, or gave them stimulus."

It's interesting to note that everything that this magazine tries to do is banned in Russia.

EVELYN $50,000 TREASURE CHEST




DAILY
BLAZE
ADVICE TO
LOVELORN
EDITOR
MISS JONES
deCARLO



WOW! GIRL

MLLE. ZEE ZEE MARTINE



A *is for* ARBY LYNN

UNTAPPED RESOURCES!

helps us to realise why the Continent is searched by film scouts for that certain something. She comes from the South of France, and wants to learn English to help her stage and T.V. career.

★

The Art of



Taking Off!


You've Seen 'Em from Out Front!
B is for
Backstage
Intimate
Glimpses



DELORES DEL RAY

C'mon Backstage


Oh, mother may I go out to swim?
Why not, darling daughter,
You're so damned near naked anyhow
You'd look better in the water!

C *is for*

CRITIC, a journalist who makes interesting, amusing, or readable copy out of theatrical productions. Since it is easier to make such copy by affecting an adverse attitude, the most readable critics tend to be adverse, some by nature, others by sheer hard work.



Noel Coward

Camille



D *is for* DEBRA DEAN

DELUSION, without which no one would enter Show Business. Delusions for Impresarios concern Power and Money. For Actors—Ovations, Fame, Money. Actresses—Desirability, Dress, Money. Authors—Fame and Money. Critics—Power. All these simple elements are compounded into what is called "glamour", a magical irrationality which, unlike its exponents, improves with the passage of time, resulting in yet another theatrical delusion—that theatre people used to be much more glamorous than they are now . . .

—nineteen-year-old French strip-tease dancer from a Paris nighterie is at present in London, warming up the cabaret spot on a night-club programme.

HOLLYWOOD THINKS SHE IS PRETTY HOT STUFF!





E *is for*





Editor

Evelyn West and her $50,000 Treasure Chest

She's got plenty to say about that delicate subject—sex—and recently proclaimed that sex appeal shouldn't be something just to sleep with, but something to live with.

"There's a difference between barnyard sex and the kind that will hold a man."

G *is for* Girls

strip

. . . . and show their personality off !





HAVE you ever wondered how the strip-tease girls manage to look so attractive when they slide off their layers of cover-up?

Does YOUR girl look the same when she undresses at night?

Most certainly not. And in the States there's a very special course for this type of learning! **When you're through, instead of being a B.A., you're a "G-string Girl"—and it takes a year and a half of constant stripping before you can qualify!** The way you peel off a stocking or undo a zipper has to have personality and appeal!

Tempest Storm



Luscious Eyeful



H *is for*

Hot bath

BRUNETTE model Judy Wolf had to flee from a bubble bath in full view of the public in a Perth (W.A.) shop window when a fire suddenly broke out.

Judy, shown here, as she appeared for six days in a Murray Street store, was advertising mineral bath treatment and a current film attraction, when curtains surrounding the bath touched a high-powered lamp and burst into flames.

Judy wasted no time, sprang from the bubbles, grinned broadly at the onlookers and disappeared.

This revelation, however, did not seem to detract from the show which was soon resumed. Judy and blonde Lee Spedding Smith continued to take turns in the bubbles, chatting on an ivory telephone, scrubbing toenails and backs with long-handled brushes, reading and smoking, and they kept on drawing traffic-stopping crowds until their week was up. There were no more fires.



It Ain't What You Do—It's the Way That You Do It... And Here's How!!

BEASTLY, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?

by Cardwick Cull



Saturnians, smug in their sane civilization, considered that the last-outpost of humanity on earth was ridiculous. Their comedians made much of the fact that said out-post was just a chemical lab, built on the top floor of a two-story building. How the last remaining man, Gideon Gittings, came to a tragic end, as a man, was twisted into more jokes on saturn than Christine ever evoked on Earth.

How did Saturn get the details? They sent a reporter via 'space-cone' and his arrival on earth just happened to coincide with the Gideon finale. Here's the tale:

Whether the creature below the window was more ape than human, the man who observed was unable to decide. Certainly, her pendulous breasts and voluptuous thighs were human in the Monroe scheme of things. Too, the derriere which jiggled when she walked was anything but animal. However, the hairy body, the protruding fangs at the slavering mouth and the darting inset eyes were those of a beast.

The austere man, handsome with the high forehead and mein of a Greek God, passed a hand across his brow and stared forlornly below, shuddering when the thing motioned to him and made an obscene gesture. "Ugh," Gideon Gittings shrugged in disgust.

"Perhaps you had better explain just what went on here."

The speaker was a visitor, a reporter from the planet Saturn and, as it is with all Saturnians, removed from their own element, he was completely invisible. (By making this character invisible it relieves the writer of the necessity of describing a Saturnian, a difficult task even when fully charged).

Now indignation crossed the classic Gideon brow and a madness seized him until he gripped his fists and chewed angrily at his tongue.

"It was those Madison avenue advertising bastards," he cried, pounding a table with clenched digits. "Never satisfied, they came to me with scheme after scheme. First it was a face

cream, an innocent concotion to be sold to millions of vapid women via television. Of course, the gimmick was that thirty days after using the so-called beautifier, the stupid women would begin to grow whiskers. Naturally, then they'd have to go for razors, shaving cream, lotions and what have you."

A sharp intake of breath indicated that the invisible scribe was properly astonished.

"That was just the beginning," Gideon went on, "After that it was one fake after another. Of all the tricks perpetrated on the people of the world, nine out of ten came out of this lab. They'd tell me what they wanted and I'd find the chemicals. They had thousands of insidious ways of selling my concoctions, radio, television, thought projection, hypnotism, subliminal advertising, billboards, newspapers, magazines—the public had to buy. You bought one thing to do one thing and it did that thing but it caused you to need two other things—you get the villainous idea?"

He paused to blow his nose. "Look at that thing down there, waving at me. She wants a mate and she wants him now. She wants a mate all of the time and I am the, pardon my shudder, cause of it all."

The invisible man was heard to stir. "Do you mean to say that all of the people on earth, but you, are like that half-woman-half horror strutting around down there?"

"That's my confession," Gideon admitted, hanging his head and searching the floor with tortured orbs, "I'm the sole remaining completely human person on this globe but I won't remain this way very much longer."

"In all of my travels to these strange planets your story intrigues me the most," the Saturnian said. "Also, these beast-things that you have created are absolutely fantastic. Please go on, this story may make me a million Saturnian simoleons if I can sell it to our own Smellavision."

"Well, the boys needed another clean-up. Some people were actually hedging. Women were letting their beards grow, declaring themselves members of the "Beardneck" generation. What was happening was likely to cause and industrial revolution. Thousands of machines were shut down when people started wearing their money instead of spending it."

"How diverting," the Saturnian Winchell said.

"So the master salesmen demanded a sex-stimulator, preferably something that could be peddled in the same tubes they were using for creams and lotions. They wanted an elixir that would increase sex desire, something on the order of ancient Hadacol but without alcohol. Also, they wanted the goo to really work so that the thing could go on and on and people would get hooked for it, like a trombone player for weed."

"So?"

"I ruined the human race! Everybody bought the stuff and it worked better and better, from dose to dose. The evil advertising geniuses soon had a tube in every pocket, purse and closet. They used to squeeze it in their beer!"

"Amazing," the Saturnian said, "do go on."



"Soon the world became little more than a huge setting for sex orgies that defy description. Old men became Satyrs. Young girls, now uninhibited and frankly itchy, began trapping youths and vice versa. In fact, much of the vice became versa. Morals were non-existent. Modesty was forgotten. Elsa became a nymphomaniac. Eleanor got pregnant again."

"How do you like that?" the visitor mused, falling into a common earthly expression.

"Like it? They loved it. The spirit of carnal conviviality took over the world. The people became rabbit-like or, if you prefer, like chickens. All the men were roosters, all the women were hens. Even Marilyn was expecting."

The Saturnian peered out of the window and giggled as he perceived the creature, ambling about below, grasp herself amidships, gurgle, stick out her tongue and shout, "I wanna--I wanna!"

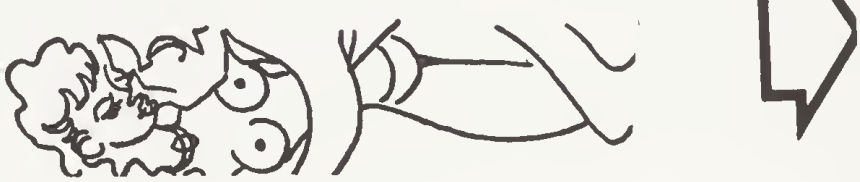
"But, what turned the people, as you call them, into these unspeakable sex-pots?" the Saturnian asked.

Gideon was by now giddy. He looked like a wino without wine. A dope minus the joy-juice. "It's this-a-way. I was compelled to utilize some monkey gland extract in my mix. Gradually, to my surprise, consternation and horror and in that order, the stuff took a strange hold. My only satisfaction is that the advertising moguls were dosed up, too, and went with the rest of the population. Slowly but surely beautiful girls were changed into horrors like that thing down there!" Gideon pointed a shaking finger but he seemed, for all of his scorn, indecisive.

"Now, Gideon continued, watching the she-monster out of the corner of his eye, "men have become snarling sex-hungry, girl crazy sub-humans on the loose and on the make. It is the survival of the sexiest---nobody does anything except cat about. The work of the world has long since stopped. It is the end of humanity, something that the atomic bomb couldn't accomplish. Something that thousands of plagues, wars and politicians have failed to do!"

Altho Gideon couldn't see him do it, the Saturnian did meditate. It's all in his report to his paper. "You seem entirely what you call human," he finally stated. "I will confess that I know very little about this civilization, if it can thus be described, but it seems to me that there were accomplishments here even if most of you were money-makers, Shriners, copyists and jailors."

"I am human, or almost. Let me explain. You see, I never went for any of my own dodges. But, when my wife grew a beard--that was it, brother. I know our con-men used to say that only a sucker plays his own game. However, that damn beard did tickle and so--well, I began taking a few shots of my 'Love Lure' tonic just to keep peace at home. However, I was smart enough to mix myself an antidote. I would be perfectly normal now except for one thing."



"Ah---and that one thing?"

"That one thing was the pitch-bark I need for my anti-dote tea. For some time I've been unable to get it. If I go out of this window, one of those things will grab me. I have been without my antidote for months."

There was a long pregnant pause like the blackout to denote time in the theatre. Then Gideon's face took on a rapt look. Suddenly, the invisible man was brushed aside and Gideon leaped from the window, bellowing the cry of a mountain stag, In seconds he was upon the lascivious creature below, slobbering kisses upon her drooling mouth and tearing at her breasts as he forced her, moaning, to the ground.

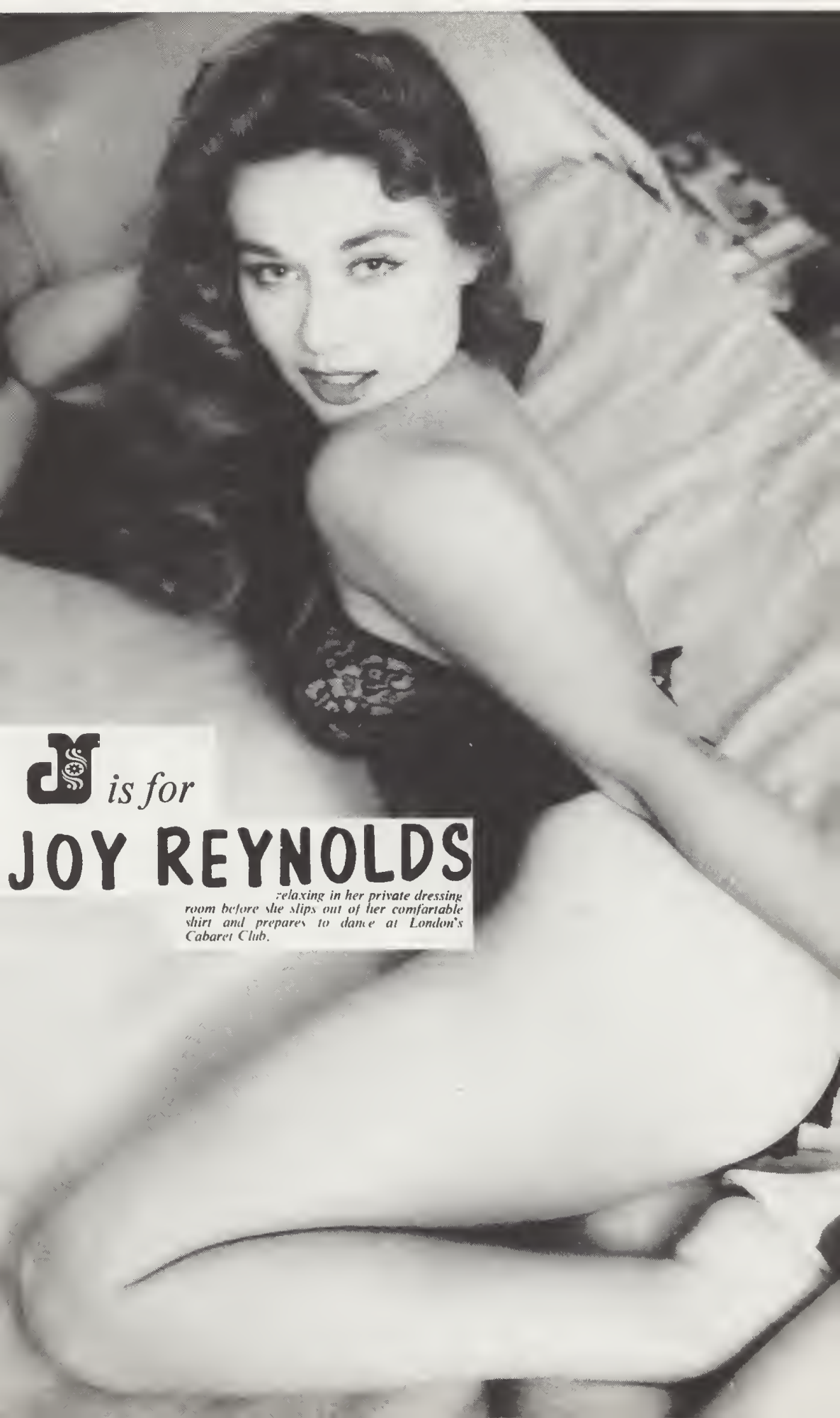
The Saturnian said as he turned away and thought, "Didn't these things evolve from the apes in the first place? Wouldn't it be ironical if the same process should start all over again?"











J *is for*

JOY REYNOLDS

relaxing in her private dressing room before she slips out of her comfortable shirt and prepares to dance at London's Cabaret Club.

IT'S smarter to conceal than reveal, gang, which is why the art of taking off is a fine accomplishment and a real cute trick.



L *is for*

"I'm Lollie Sweet. My hair is red, my eyes are blue, my disposition is sunny, and my phone is unlisted!"


AUCTION
SALE
ON ALL
FLOOR
MODELS

RECORD STRIP





Girl: **KATHY MARLOWE**
from the picture "Girl With an Itch,"
produced by Dick C. Crane

R *is for*

RESTING, which is how some actors still describe their out-of-work patches, although in so overcrowded and hazardous a profession the average performer is not likely to be over-exerted by excess of work . . . **RECORDS** or discs are a magnificent development on a colossal scale of recent years. Anyone with a voice sufficiently undistinguished for teen-agers to be able to copy it in the bath may succeed in becoming the holder of a golden disc with sales running into millions and an income of thousands. Titles should contain references either to love or piety; atmosphere should be masochistic or frenetically excited . . .



How far would YOU go?



S is for Girls of the South Seas

Leg-show in Hollywood is labelled "undue exposure"—shift the censors to scenes of exciting, sensuous native life and it's art!



THE censor's head shakes in disapproval.

Is Hollywood too namby-pamby!

Actions suggestive of wholesale slaughter, either by criminals in conflict with the police, or as between warring factions of criminals, or in public disorder of any kind, will not be allowed—that is the censor's attitude.

Outside Hollywood, far away across the seas, an atomic bomb was dropped.

Isn't it time the censors revised their thinking?

If you film a travelogue, the censor's views on nudity, indecent or undue exposure and dancing costumes do not apply if such scenes are a necessary part of a picture of authentic native life.

But attempt to shoot a similar dance in a Hollywood studio and you come up against the censor's view.

Indecent or undue exposure is forbidden. Dances suggesting or representing sexual actions or indecent passion are forbidden.

No film producer is going to make a film which will violate good taste to the point where it would upset audiences.

So, is the censor really necessary?

NEXT PAGE











" HE CAME HERE TO STUDY THE FLORA AND FAUNA OF THE ISLANDS. — THAT'S FLORA. "








"REMEMBER PEARL





















AN ILLUSION OF OBSCENITY

by Spurgeon Dodson

Mary was the type of woman who got in your blood like champagne bubbles. She was in my blood. She was also in the blood of four other men, all of whom shared my bitterness.

The trouble, I think, was that we under-rated Mary. None of us suspected the evil of her cunning brain. Nor did any of us realize that she had seen her chance to show, in one big dramatic gesture, her contempt for all of us who had loved her...and lost. No, nor did we suspect the cleverness of her diabolic scheme by which she could rid herself of the screwball husband, whom she had married in spite of all we could do, and who by now was beginning to bore hell out of her...

It began with the dinner invitation which was, aside from being a flagrant breach of decency, presumptious; it violated my sense of justice and aroused my heartiest resentment. I had a feeling that I should decline, should ignore the invitation altogether. That would have been the sane thing to do. But maybe I wasn't altogether sane; I hated Boris Malakoff, Mary's husband, hated him with a depth and lustiness known only to those unfortunate men who have been sorely defeated in the delicate game of love.

Moreover, Malakoff, it seemed, was not content with mere victory, with having won the loveliest woman in the world; he wanted now to flaunt her boldly before the eyes of those of us who still loved her. Oh, yes, Mary's



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romantic capers were numerous and quite well known, even to Boris. But he didn't seem to mind. And as for Mary, her marriage to him, however unexpected and disappointing, had not lessened her charms. How, I had asked myself a dozen times, could a woman of Mary's type find anything of interest in a man like Boris? He was not only a boor, but was reputedly delicately unbalanced.

But she was still Mary, one in a million, lovely, reckless and indiscreet. This fact was attested to by the way in which Cavell, her youngest and latest satellite, showered her with imprudent, but by no means unwelcome, attention. And though Cavell's friends had repeatedly warned him against this folly, pointing out that Boris, being not only unbalanced mentally, was a man of violent and unprincipled emotions. But Cavell invariably answered these friendly warnings with a careless shrug of his broad young shoulders. His power of reason had, like that of many others before him, been guillotined under the cruel blade of Mary's loveliness.



Malakoff, however, showed a surprising lack of interest in the affair. Apparently unaware of this so open and indiscreet display and interchange of emotions, he continued on his sneering way, flaunting his lovely wife in the very eyes of envy.

In a sudden fit of jealous anger, I tore up the offending invitation.

Damn the guy, anyway!

Then, in a sudden change of temper, I decided to accept his stupid invitation...I hadn't, I recalled, spoken one word to my former heart-throb since her untimely marriage. And now, for some perverse and unaccountable reason, I wanted very much to see her. And that the meeting would, to me, be both humiliating and agonizing had occurred to me; but I felt, within myself, somewhat honor-bound to my madness.

"All right, you big Russian baboon," I said, giving my necktie a savage yank that all but strangled me, "I accept your silly damned challenge! I'll be there, dad; and I only hope you pull something phoney so I can punch you right in your flat ugly nose." And added as a vicious afterthought, "Descendant of the czars, indeed!" Yeah, I thought, he descended from a czar, all right—the Mad Czar, and with Rasputin lurking somewhere in the distaff bedroom.

In back of my mind, perhaps, was the thought—or hope— that I might discover something in the demeanor of my former mistress—regret or remorse, or at least a hint of unhappiness—with which to revive my languishing male pride. Ah, had I only known at the time how she hated the guy! Had I only known of her clever and diabolic scheme to rid herself of

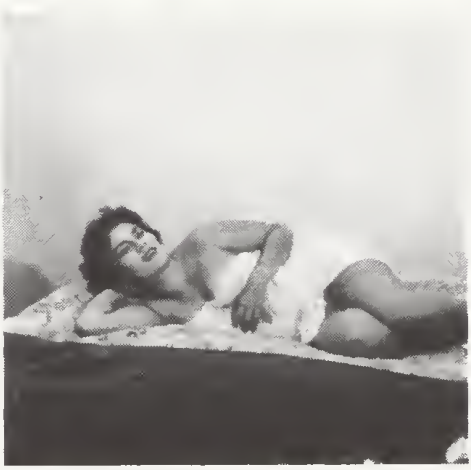
him; had I known how heartless she could be; her mad desire to incriminate all her foolish lovers so that the destiny of each of us would be so irrevocably entwined with that of hers that so long as one of us remained alive she would be remembered...thus giving her some degree of immortality.

I yanked viciously at the bow, and made a solemn vow to the effect that, marriage or no marriage, I would tonight call on all my masculine powers, all my charm and appeal in a last mad effort to recapture the interest of a woman whom I still loved blindly and foolishly.

I called a cab then; but not before I had snugged by automatic into the inside pocket of my dinner jacket...

An absence of servants was, I knew, not in strict keeping with the ostentatious nature of Boris Malakoff, yet I was confronted with nothing less than this unusual circumstance; my repeated banging on the old-fashioned door-knocker failed to draw any sort or response. After some hesitation, in which I was tempted to call the whole thing off and go back home, I opened the massive oak door and walked into an ornate but badly lit hallway where, after another brief hesitation, I took off my hat and coat and hung them up. Then hearing the sound of subdued voices, I moved quietly to the open





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doors of a living-room, which I saw was equally as poorly lit as the hallway had been; its atmosphere was heavy, and seemed to harbor something which I found at the moment indescribable.

The sight of those four men lounging about the open fire in attitudes of ill-concealed restiveness did nothing toward allaying the apprehension with which I had been filled since the moment of entering the front door. These were the men who shared my own possessive feeling toward Mary! The men in whose blood she ran like champagne bubbles... *poison champagne!*

Bowing to them, I marvelled at the unmitigated nerve, the insufferable audacity of Boris Malakoff. It was nothing short of madness, madness in its most dangerous phase, for here, converged beneath this roof, and at the behest of my unbalanced host, was a veritable volcano of distrust and hatred, of passion and bitterness and dangerous masculine envy.

Standing there, I checked them over mentally, appending to the character of each man its own little tag of ugly rumor.

There was Dr. Von Kline, traveler, linguist, lecturer, a handsome specimen of manhood whose reckless love for Mary had prompted him to publicly threaten her life; who had, on one occasion, attempted to make good that threat. Malakoff would never know a more dangerous enemy.

Aloof in the background, a study in melancholia, stood Serge Mouri, the moody young poet whose "Lines To Mary"—a fiery, lusty poem—almost obscene in its sophistication—teeming with brutality, yet pregnant with a sweet simplicity—had shocked an otherwise invulnerable social set. An instability of character and emotion made of him a dangerous and unpre-

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In an easy sprawl, belying the strength of the man, and with a glass held loosely in his huge hand, sat Matthew Pope, the brilliant but cynical lawyer whose jealousy had wreaked physical violence; whose big hands had touched the beautiful body of Mary with something more forceful and direct than gentle caresses; and whose intense dislike for Boris Malakoff had become smart-set gossip.

Young Cavell was there too, pale of face and quite obviously ill at ease. His name had yet to be dragged through the mud and slime of public scandal.

And lastly, here stood I, the final link in this chain of assignation, of smoldering passion, of savagery and lust and violence; myself with God only knows what unnamed deeds to be yet chalked against my conscience.





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It was then that Boris himself appeared, announcing dinner; and this caused me once again to wonder at the absence of servants. It just wasn't like this guy; he demanded plenty of attention, and had the dough that usually got him what he demanded. The whole thing whispered of secrecy, of something evil.

We trooped into the dining-room, wary, and with, I imagine, the beast in every man of us lying dangerously near the surface. The dining-room, like everything else that had to do with Malakoff, was enormous; and something lurked in its atmosphere, something dark and sinister; something without form. I had the revolting thought that the thing was like pus gathering beneath a hidden sore. I felt its evil in the yellow flicker of candlelight, saw its namelessness reflected in the ominous gleam of mahogany panels. Could it be, I asked myself soberly, death concealing itself among the dancing shadows?

When we were seated around the table, Boris bowed his head and spoke with unexpected humbleness, his startling words befitting the fool that he actually was. "God," he said, "give courage to, and have mercy upon the souls of these, my guests. Amen." It was, I suppose, the prayer of a madman, yet it seemed somehow quite appropriate to this fantastic occasion.

Opposite Malakoff stood a vacant chair which drew several furtive glances, significant glances, too, for by all rights of propriety Mary should have been sitting there; sitting there dispelling with her glorious presence



of the somberness of the atmosphere, relieving the dangerous tension which threatened momentarily to shatter the appalling silence which had followed our host's prayer.

"My *friends,*" Boris finally began, his ugly voice tinged with mockery and edged with an almost imperceptible sneer, "I must with the utmost regret inform you that my lovely wife, suffering a severe headache, will be unable to join us tonight. Ah, the pity of it! She would, I'm sure, deeply enjoy this so—er—illustrious gathering." He paused, and in a sibilant whisper in which scorn was heavily underwritten, added: "*My beautiful wife!*" The suggestiveness of the tone, the manner in which he permitted his voice to linger in mock caress over the words, left me shaken with fury and hatred.

Then from somewhere in the gloomy depth of the house came a low, indistinct moan which, although bearing qualities of the human voice, could have been most anything. Nevertheless, it caused a wave of unease to surge around the table.

Boris raised his hand; and his face, as he stared smilingly at us there in the wavering light of the candles, was a repulsive study in surrealism. "No cause for alarm, gentlemen," he said meaningly. "That sound you heard was only the wind... *Not my wife!*"

My self-control was beginning to waver. Why didn't he stop this silly word-juggling and get on with whatever farce he had in store for us? That That he had planned this gathering with some diabolical and ulterior motive at back of his cunning brain was, to me, a foregone conclusion. And it was beginning to be apparent that we, his guests, had played the parts of deplorable fools in having accepted

this bid for lunacy.

"Now, gentlemen," he announced, getting to his feet, "it is my contention that the best blood of the country merits the country's finest food. And so, with this thought uppermost in my mind, I have, after careful selection, and at great cost—as you will no doubt learn—prepared with my own hands one of the most sense-awakening, one of the daintiest and most luscious morsels ever to touch the lips of man. I might add here that this recipe was handed down to me from my great-great-grandfather, Nicholas Pavlovich Makhailovich the third; he was, I am told, as great a scoundrel as ever lived." He leered at us before adding explosively, "Behold!" And with a wild flourish he swept the lid from a silver chafing-dish.

I don't know how long we stared at the thing in the dish, nor what each man felt as the horror of recognition was thrust cruelly into his consciousness. But I do know the sickness that overcame me as I stared at that round, pallid, lonely-looking female breast with its familiar pear-shaped mole just below the nipple.

For a time my mind was a confused helpless blank, receiving only a vague impression of the sudden sharp angry noise that was like a clap of summer thunder. And, strangely enough, it was the sound of Mary's voice counting the bullet holes in her husband's chest which finally snapped me out of it.

"—three, four, five," she intoned callously. "Why, that's remarkable! Did none of you miss?" And there she stood, in all her glorious and evil beauty. Then she said as an afterthought, "Poor dear! I had no idea—. You see, he did this as a joke—at my request, of course. I imagined, when I planned it, that it would appeal to his warped sense of humor. Well, I was right on that score; but the outcome—. Well, who knows, perhaps I was right on that, too." She shrugged her shapely shoulders; but her words of explanation had fallen on deaf ears, for all eyes were centered upon the easy rise and fall of her bosom, all interest upon the unbroken fullness of her two breasts.

My incredulous stare was, perhaps, a trifle bolder than the rest. At any rate, she drew herself up in queenly resentment.

"*Well,*" she suggested scathingly; "perhaps if I should disrobe—"

With something of an effort I turned my gaze back to the *thing* in the dish, and saw Cavell poking stupidly at it with a trembling forefinger.

"Plaster of Paris," he said, and giggled inanely.

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She knew. Oh, she knew! But she went.

Jose was sitting in his usual position, feet propping his back firmly to the wall of his friend Pedro's 'dobe shack, hat tilted over his eyes. Pedro came out of the shack with a butterfly in his hand and started down the path.

"Ay Pedro," called Jose. "Where are you going with the butterfly?"

"I'm going to get some butter," replied Pedro.

"Oh you foolish fellow," said Jose. "You cannot get butter with a butterfly."

A few minutes later, to Jose's astonishment, Pedro returned with a bucket of butter.

In a little while Pedro again hurried forth—this time carrying a jar of horseflies.

"Ay Pedro," called Jose. "Wher' you going with them 'orseflies?"

"Wher' you think," called Pedro over his shoulder. "To get 'orses of course."

"Oh you ver' silly Pedro," chided Jose amusedly. "You cannot get 'orses with 'orseflies."

Again, after a short time, Pedro returned. This time leading a pair of beautiful stallions. "See!, I tol' you," said Pedro to the amazed Jose.

Again, after a few moments, Pedro hurried out. This time Jose saw he was clutching a handful of pussy willows.

"Ay Pedro!", shouted Jose, scrambling to his feet. "Wait for me!—I go with you!"


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